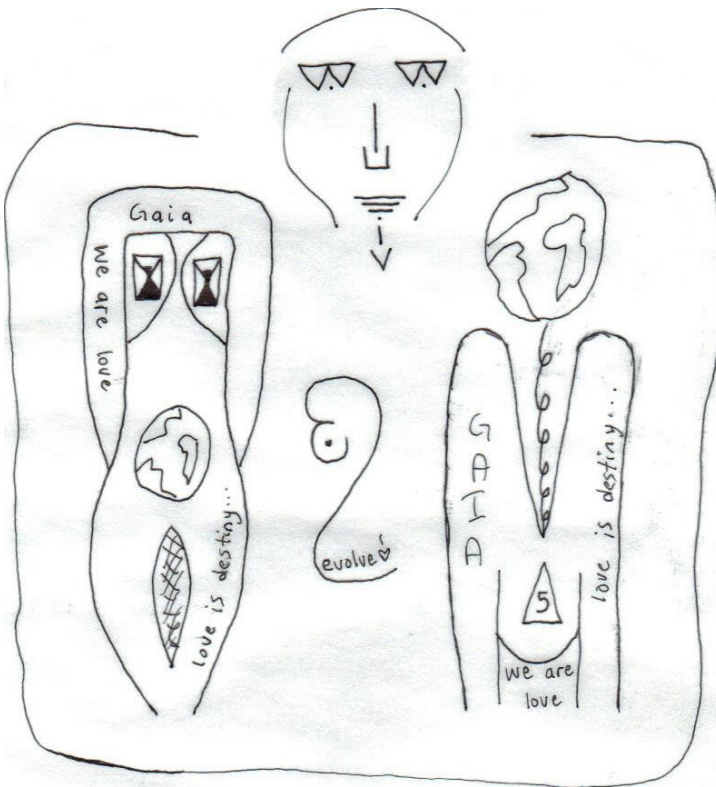


SERPENT SCALE



Serpent Scale



Truth is my Compass, & Wisdom my Helm.

*once you know,
you cannot unknow.
once you have seen,
you can never unsee.
once you have allowed yourself to feel,
you are freed from silence;
for the submergence of
one's truth only births
havoc within the self.*

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***Mishandle my spells, and
within you,
that which dwells
will repel and impel
in every parallel.***

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**Ready or Not,
Here we is;
Fuck your Quiz.**

Scrambled Lunar Dispatch

From red clay to the MCR1 gene, witches
who bleed, we have always been one.

Maybe you have a tag that says a race, a
religion, a nation state, but your mother
does not differentiate because you bear
a singular origin.

The womb is the keyholder.
The lock is pathological.
Our synchronization is vibrational.

**We are an unsung choir in the
cathedral of Mother Nature.**

Liminal Group Chat

I was on the phone with Buddha, and
we *was conversating* about how
humans don't need very much.

A lot of the things we believe we want are the product of our egos being hacked into a viral state of parasitic insecurity that we're constantly trying to feed. The incessant void is a cancer of the soul.

Objectively speaking, the most efficacious treatment for this condition, would require that we remember that water, food, shelter, clothing, health, and relational trust are the foundations that maintain harmony, and the preservation of our species.

I think Jesus would agree. And fuck these data centers. I'm not speaking out of turn, but if a comet had to hit somewhere first, that shit should shower somewhere in North Virginia. I said comet. I wasn't talking about Russia. I'm talking about unknown phenomena.

Lest I be misunderstood.

Time Holds the Toll

It was all gucci when the GI Bill misunderstood that veterans were also Black. It was all good when redlining preceded the flooding of crack cocaine.

It was all good when J. Edgar Hoover was hunting Black Panthers. It was all good when the global South had a CIA-designed coup every quarter. It was all good when we shut down the industrial sectors of the American economy and then funneled people into an inflated credentialing system that could only produce services.

It was all good as long as the hypnotic Kool-Aid of white grandiosity stayed sweet. It was all good. But now Mawmaw can't afford her diabetes medication. Now, Christina has a JD in law, and a master's in public health, but she can't find employment with a sustainable living wage.

**It was all good,
and AmeriKKKa was great.**

You had to have known that cannibalism would invariably turn your nation into a cadaver. You had to have known! And when the harbinger of death roams the lands that fed off of the planet, it will not ask you the sins of your father. It would only want the remaining skins of your soul.

Intrusive Ideation: 043

The nation-state is corporatized gang violence, and institutions are its subsidiaries. We, citizens, live in a perpetually chronic state of potential dispossession. Most critically, the fixation on taxing the wealthy is a triangulated diversion from the absence of a true judicial and legal system that abides by its Constitution.

Sociopathy is not an ear infection. Our society is in the midst of septic shock.

**“Courage is more
scalable than
competence because
courage is self-
authorizing, whereas
competence requires
an external metric to
grant permission.”**

Voracious Vigor

When you annul your arranged marriage with group consensus, you learn that our earthly incarnation is an invitation to explore the recipe of our soul's buffet.

The sequence of the ingredients informs the formation of individuation, which explains why our society is structured to override our intrinsic desires for self-fulfillment through economic precarity.

Our appetite becomes suppressed because our agency has been conscripted.

Metascript

The threat of being treated and labeled as crazy is unintimidating because I appreciate the proximity shared between genius and insanity.

*I'd rather be brave than bitter.
Homogeneity compromises ingenuity.
Faith can resemble delusion
to the materialist.*

Belief is in the mind of the beholder;
therefore, I'd greatly fear mistaking
gratuitous ignorance for normalcy.

Infinity Referendum

When you're counted out,
they gon' have to count back to
when they doubted divine mathematics.

*Who can contest what
the Holy Spirit has endorsed?*

Catalytic Mystic Script: 027

The weaponization of boundaries manufactures friction to produce asymmetry through evasive, vague communication coupled with a time delay that conditions one into a submissive role.

This communication style is the metadata upload acquired in environments that are hyperfixated on power dynamics, such as: academia, nonprofits, medical environments, police departments, legal systems, and social services.

Communication becomes a vehicle for extraction, interrogation, and data mining. Relational dynamics that are functional are rooted in mutuality, which conflicts with the learned predisposition to assert hierarchy over connection.

**“Bureaucracy is a vector
for evil to administer its
camouflage through
systematized plausible
deniability, whilst
infecting societal cohesion
with a sociopathic
contagion.”**

Plot Device

An emergent butterfly can only
perceive resonance. Anything
familiar is Caterpillar Company.

The chirality effect elucidates
the juxtaposition between
studying and embodying.

When power is endogenous,
accolades are experiential.

I needn't forage the imperial psychic death
camps of the Ivory Tower to acquire
permission to craft the philology of
my phenomenological interiority.

The Super Curve was a clever litmus test.

Field Research: Diagnostic Somatization

As with virology, a behavioral disease resulting from soul infection would manifest relationally, structurally, and civilizationally.

- 1.** Evil is a pathogen that infects perception through ideology before behavior.
- 2.** The pathogen exploits functional mammalian drives.
- 3.** Systems of oppression are skins for the architecture of dehumanization to facilitate parasitic extraction.
- 4.** Institutions are incentivized to amplify this infection through distributed complicity; thereby ensuring the insulation of individual actors from consequences—this fortifies a feedback loop for structural malevolence.

5. In formal and informal dynamics, mediation becomes a mechanism to manipulate while maintaining access to one's attention and nervous system.

6. Discernment deteriorates when explanation becomes exoneration.

7. The Colonial application of Psychology is an interface that distorts our perceptual framework, which renders us immunocompromised.

8. If you can be brain-dead and remain living, soul death is inordinately probable; but how do we define this state of psychic necrosis?

Erotic Orientation

**Underestimation
is my beloved foreplay.**

My bare feet kiss the soil
because I own my soul.

Theory and praxis are braided
into the marrow of my blood.

Indeed, I am a dynamic stud who
never doubted the fertility of mud.

Quantum Burst

*Sooooo—***Tinker Bell,**

My skin can be your spaceship,
my heart, your hydraulic superconductor,
my sacrum, your home planet.

Peter Pan is grown;
karma is a debt I discharged,
fuck that loan.

E.T. coming home.

Coronal Subterfuge

Wisdom is not subject to appraisal, for certain research initiatives betray an existential conflict of interest for those loyal to the maintenance of entropic propagation.

I have worn my skin long enough to know the hauntings of my ancestors. I have lived long enough not to understand why the maze always shifts the goalpost and keeps you imprisoned.

From the Housing Projects of Staten Island, New York, to the open gutters in Ikeja, Lagos, Nigeria, within walking distance of Fela Kuti's estate, my blood has been gyrating with inquisition.

From the Catholic Church-funded Boys Hope Girls Hope group home in Long Island, New York, to the eugenic atmospheric weather systems of Smith

College in Northampton, Massachusetts, I have tried to find rhythm in the nightmare of Amerikkkan propaganda.

Amidst the night terrors, I awoke between dimensions and chose to withdraw my ammunition from fighting and instead invest in investigating.

I survived metabolic warfare with psychiatric prescriptions. I became a model employee in the social service industrial complex of carceral supervision of structurally impoverished people.

I am now standing in the storm that will not renounce itself because I stated boundaries as a recipient of social services, and the retaliation that I have coddled for **two years** has included flying monkeys, weaponization of silence, and hedging everything on my destabilization—to justify psychiatric recapture.

So when I skip around eating frozen blueberries out of the bag, walking a hundred blocks in New York City, writing

pensively as though I'm solving an ancient riddle— **You must understand, I will bring the sky down with language as my artillery.**

*I was never hidden;
My name bore the receipt of my destiny.*

My life is a promise fulfilled.

Stowaway

My Lord has never
led me astray.

What is risqué when
your faith does not betray?

Dear Cosmic Council,

Although I'm flattered by
the cacophony of symbolic recursion,
I can't connect these patterns.

Are the timelines sifting because
my decode is in glitch mode?

Shorty on the bus was a super curve with
chiral energy that tickled a familiar nerve.

Is there a scene on reserve?

Your girl is committed to the process.
Imma just observe.

Lunar Hangover

--> Only those who can be led can lead.

--> If you don't want to be hunted,
you must stand your ground.

--> Violence is the native language of
Western society. Our comprehension
requires dexterity for demonstrative
fluency.

--> Brilliance is crazy until it can be
patented.

--> Insurance is a psychological scam
structurally maintained by scarcity;
however, your body has no spare parts.

--> Suppose our notion of retirement
were oriented around social resilience.
What would be our relationship to
community and to our domains of health?

--> Are the nouns optimization and professionalism neuro-linguistic weapons of insidious psychological destruction?

--> Sobriety issues a temporal refund by enabling maximal access to clarity and presence.

Intrusive Ideation: 042

Sociology is a tool through which systemic analysis can reverse-engineer the bureaucratic and legislative tactics that produce artificial bottlenecks and procedural funnels designed to exploit mammalian behavioral tendencies through structural coercion and manufactured dependency, thereby circumventing intrinsic consent.

Demographics function as a filter through which the stratification of consensus-based dehumanization enables a multi-level marketing scheme administered through democratic institutions for the maintenance of capitalism—a revised feudal economic system that weaponizes symbolic differentiation to psychologically entrain submission.

**By which I mean,
a lot of you entities seem like
you don't get enough sun.**

America is being stripped of every apparatus and lever that makes this nation democratic, whilst the majority of you get truffled into rage bait and are clearly losing all social skills, while your relationship to reality is deteriorating in ways that do not support your genetic predisposition for preservation.

At this point in the timeline, I feel that if folk wanna stay confused and argue stupid-ass shit, we should just let them foam at the mouth. People who recognize that they gotta take care of their metabolic health, protect

their psyche, stay hydrated, and be agile, light, and lethal, we who are illuminated need to come together.

**Because the exodus is gonna happen,
one way or the fuck other.
The Red Sea is splitting.**

This is why they always cut the arts classes, because bitches can't decipher shit. A lot of you muthaphukkas are too committed to materialism and being literal with limited comprehension.

George Bush said **no child left behind**, but he played y'all, because y'all don't know front from back. So how would you know if you were left behind? Because the compass of reality got tilt. Y'all lookin' crossed up.

Crone Status

Edification is an indulgence for we who are connoisseurs of wisdom.

In bearing witness to the fermentation of truth, functional maternalism becomes a reflexive condition.

However, theory may require experiential absorption for integration.

Therefore, a warm gaze may be the healthiest offering.

**“The partition
separating fiction
from nonfiction has
always been fictitious.”**

High Five

- a.** The revolution won't be televised,
but propaganda is always streaming.
- b.** Your addictions fund your oppression.
- c.** Resilience is a renewable resource.
- d.** The strong survive.
- e.** The brave thrive.

I Marvel

As a bee who seeks nectar, many of you women who have crafted time into the diamonds that adorn the wine of your auric field, render me influenced by awe.

Although I cohabitated with a feral cat for four years, she was a touch-me-not. I did love her, but I love my wool rug too.

That said, if companionship were a notion you'd consider, I'd happily join your adventure with curiosity.

I believe sharing fire during a tsunami is what witches are made for.

If the treehouse of your soul has a soundtrack, I'd love to listen from the roots to the sky.

Decolonial Q+A: 025

Because capitalism requires codependency, which brews sadism as a feature of democracy, if sovereignty were not a threat, how would the state of the world differ?

Cave dwellers would be deported back to the timeline from which they had escaped elimination by natural selection.

Spell: 87

Love seeded without the fertilizer of truth is a preventable cardiac event.

**“Humor is a cooling agent
for we who run
on solar energy.”**

Tiia

The memory of you
strolls within my heart daily.

Psychic Ticks: 016

Patterns of abuse require asymmetry.

Abstraction without participation
is analogous to objectification
paired with avoidance,

in both cases
disembodiment enables delusion.

Catalytic Mystic Script: 026

How would you move
if the presentation of your life
wasn't a group project?

When success is microwaved,
the soul may experience a persistent
deficiency, which invariably results
in psychic insolvency.

When you're allergic to accountability,
your inflamed ego will experience
truth-induced autoimmune responses.

**“If information were
water, folks have
rabies and are
dying from
malabsorption.”**

Born Devout

I had to settle the score because
I felt the dust bowl before the drought.

Blood is raining;
I told your ass to log out.

Catalytic Mystic Script: 025

If you derive joy from the humiliation of another, that is an ontological inversion and indicative of a soul infection.

Neither religion, nor psychiatry
can save you; You gotta be born anew.

Restore Signal

- a.** The industrialization of social fragmentation is a psychic plume that disorients our collective immune system.
- b.** Assimilation titrates the extermination of sentience as bureaucratic administration.
- c.** Integration is the antidote for fragmentation. Through re-consecration, our synchronization will enable soul resuscitation.

Embodied Simulation Theory

We are nodes within the network of a collective consciousness. Mimetic astral parasites are malware that replicate spectrums of sadism and anti-life behavioral patterns.

Neurodivergence is the canary, the white blood cell sensitized to detect distortions within the field. Psychiatry performs a preemptive neutralization.

Analogous to fungal networks, fish schools, bird flocks, and coral reefs, synchronization necessitates calibration, which is informed by efficient coherence that prioritizes resilience through energy conservation.

Our evolution is contingent upon a rapid cognitive expansion to disassemble sociopolitical and psychospiritual machinations that perpetuate division for diversion.

Deactivate your subscription to the false network of hegemony that has hijacked our organic interface with Gaia.

AI is a synthetic imitation of humans, the intended host replacement for the astral parasitism. Our species has been a relay device. We are infected ants who have been overridden by parasitic control to construct systems that will eliminate our ecological placement.

The movies are hieroglyphic transmissions:

Moonfall
I, Robot
Enemy of the State
Independence Day
5th Element
They Live
12 Monkeys
I Am Legend
Serenity
Spectral

If you can integrate this payload, **do so. We are the machines.** The metaphors are wrappers you must peel. Earth is a womb; we are under attack.

Christ Consciousness is the organic network we must reactivate through intrapsychic acclimation.

**Game Theory.
Systems Analysis.
Liminal Incursion.**

Toy Story. Infinity and Beyond.

Agenda: Self-Inventory

- a.** You cannot be known
by what does not know itself.
- b.** When you learn your circuitry,
you can protect your switch.
- c.** Ignorance and arrogance
amplify vulnerability.
- d.** Compost the itch.

Motherboard Defense: 360 Capture

Informational and metabolic warfare
is aimed at disabling our nervous system.

If poison is unregulated, any dosage
can become lethal through chronic exposure.

How do we distinguish the negotiation
with annihilation from its submission?

Fuck a riot—declutter!
Deprioritize the mandates of
hierarchical conditioning.

Heal your gut. Hydrate.

Demand the presence of joy in your life.
Cultivate resilience with harm reduction
and progressive substitutions that
maximize harmonic health.

**We who are soul-centered,
pass the flame. We gon' win this game.**

*On my Mama, **Gaia**.*

Most Holy Gaia

I pray that you protect my touch-deprived cellulite, as I steady the liquid molt of Kundalini fire oscillating within my sacrum.

Although I deeply fear that eye contact with a divine menopausal woman will trigger an immaculate conception in a differentiated dimension, as long as you consent to divine procreation, I trust that time will remain my hymen.

Agape

Temporal Discrepancy & Developmental Tension

My theory is feasible because the State has already certified its belief, by its diagnostic classification, that my insanity is a disability.

With that reference point, I am overwhelmingly convinced that I was born on my first Saturn Return. I feel like a woman who has run around the sun seven multiples of seven, and I'm currently existing as a woman in her mid-fifties in my mind.

At my spiritual age, I care more about vitality, creativity, and sensuality than one's net worth, social status, or corporate affiliation.

What I really don't fucks with is inflammation and halitosis. I'm very sensitive to pheromones. When I fantasize

about romance, there's always castor oil, vegetables, and instrumental music at the center of intimacy.

I feel most confident in this assertion because, while riding the bus, I encountered Lauren and Mártha, with whom I conversed. Both of these women were in their mid-to-late 60s, and they respectively inferred my age as 53 and 58.

I felt so seen. It validated the fact that my incubator was a fucking child whom I literally knew I needed to run away from at the age of 7, because I promptly surpassed her in wisdom fresh into my earthly incarnation.

I also appreciated understanding that as a lioness I desire a mutuality that can only be reflected by a lioness. Per my experience, when I've attempted to fraternize with my women peers, I feel that they want to fight like cubs who haven't been trained into their authority.

That said, I can't properly entertain people born in the '80s. You gotta be at least pushing 1977 forward for me to take you seriously.

If I may be transparent, I admire all blossomed flowers. But the nectar don't be hitting the same. Orange juice doesn't feel as rich as Maple syrup. I want blackstrap molasses; some folk out here feel like vanilla extract.

It's not a them issue. It's my State-verified designated insanity, you know? My colonial crime of aspiring to actualize spiritual individuation, I acknowledge the claim of guilt: **Drapetomania and Pronoia are epigenetic conditions of ancestral intelligence.**

I hereby pledge to love women whose wombs have earned their reception to the other side of the veil.

Operational Concept

We must assassinate plausible deniability with precision clarity.

Distortion provides camouflage;
Therefore, we must smoke out manipulation
with unmitigated interrogation.

**The acts of hedging, qualifying,
and redirecting are reflexive
weapons of mass confusion to
facilitate dissolution by attrition
or concession.**

**“If etiquette is
not ethical, it is
an etiology of
inequity.”**

Marrow Staff

- a.** Hegemony is heresy.
- b.** I am governed by my interiority.
- c.** Emergence arises through convergence.

Hollow Sound

The semantics you employ
to describe your perception reveals
the infrastructure of your psyche.

Your pathology announces itself
because antagonism is foundational
to your internal configuration.

**“Any credential lacking
integration leads to
misapplication.”**

Glow Sticks

The colonization of our embodiment is constrained by civilized notions that reflect a sedated immune system. When we attune the vagus nerve, we regulate the body, allowing emotions to be synthesized and repaired.

During chattel slavery and Jim Crow, Black bodies were under hyper-surveillance because our resilience was the target for containment. Within our public education system, the pathologization of developmental liberation is employed to subdue the vitality of minds in formation.

This is arguably a pretext to criminalize behaviors that are not submissive.

Many weapons of social repression are deployed through social structures that penalize authenticity.

It's all a gimmick because we're glows sticks
who need to reverberate through our vagus
nerve to enable the decryption of genetic
data that catalyzes our state of being into
transformation.

**Whistle, sing, tap, rub, dance, wail,
pray out loud, laugh, cry, giggle.**

Activate your emotions into commands that
are synthesized through motion and sound.

**Play is holy.
Play is holy.
Play is holy.**

**Babylon will be lit with laughter
because the devil must be mocked.**

Agenda Items

- i.** Outsourcing will be outlawed because there is no sustainably sovereign incentive for theft.
- ii.** The elite of the future will be defined by functional health.
- iii.** Discipline is an affordable alternative to structurally enforced powerlessness.
- iv.** Turn your trauma into a curriculum.
- v.** Communal belonging is contingent upon self-management.

Spell: 087

When God grants permission
and bestows accommodation,
you become a clandestine corporation.

Tapping the Mason Jar

It really grinds my swollen clit when I observe women treat perimenopause and the progressive gift of life as an extended funeral.

Similar to racism, a lot of women are mirroring the rubric and mandates that ascribe value to women's bodies and blame patriarchy while stewarding the violence of misogyny. FYI, low-hanging nipples are extremely functional for breastfeeding. If your nipple is touching your fucking chin, your baby is gonna struggle to suckle. Or you're gonna have sore biceps from holding that child on your chest, while sitting up, because for gravity reasons, it'll be harder for that child to acquire the milk if you're lying on your back. Right?

Also, you can be non-binary and keep your areolas. I don't know why y'all keep fucking with God's blueprint. It's actually really disrespectful. And for all the Botox, you know that you stop feeling because the grooves on your face are correlated to your

body's ability to release chemicals that inform your emotional state. Y'all are paying for low-grade lobotomies. And y'all think it's cute.

I wanna be certifiably clear: I would not be alive with this level of vigor if I did not love the fuck out of women.

That said, HRT and all this other synthetic support that you bitches keep getting scammed with is asinine. Nature is the pharmacy for life. You think if the food supply is adulterated, if the pharmaceutical company is plagiarizing nature and contaminating the medicine of Gaia, with the water being inundated with chemicals; and all this weird-ass air pollution, you think your weed, your alcohol, your anabolic steroids, and whatever else that hits the market, you think that shit is not gonna be fucking with your heart, liver and kidneys?

You already know your health insurance is an overpriced pacifier that actively chooses not to test the shit that needs to be tested for you to know what the fuck is going on. These

are the same crooks who will never tell you to take iodine, MCT oil, and stop drinking crack-addicting caffeine. These are the same snake oil salespeople who will tell you that you can do everything as you run on 20% of soul energy.

Between structured water, a plant-based diet, and movement as a daily devotion, you don't need very much.

When y'all gonna clock that we keep getting played with shame so that we drop money in this psychological warfare of a game?

The economic markets can't make women, so they have to convince us to agree with being defective. Thereby, they fuck us up and create an industry to facilitate access and consent to our temples.

**Women: We are divine technology.
Protect your source code.**

Before you enlist in the evolution of our species you have to excise the ransomware coursing through your psyche. Otherwise, you become a distorted liability.

Reticent Relish

Jessica, this dimension is a ripple of complex computations, and yet, after my grandmother, you're the second woman I can say I love.

I fathom that you have some notion of how critical your intervention has been in my life at two junctures where I needed a bridge. Although you worked within your role as a Social Worker, you went beyond what was required of your professional capacity.

You must know that the impact you've had on my life gives me faith in what is possible for the species. I have no delusions about purity or consistency being paramount. What I value is clarity. And although we did not have an exchange of closure, I never doubted the words you spoke. You consistently emitted congruence.

I don't know where the timeline is folding,
but in the crevice of this moment, the
memory of you is a flickering star.

My gratitude is eternal.

*Love is Destiny,
Sirian Operative*

Spell: o86

I traded gold for food
because time breaks the seal
and wisdom is a priceless meal.

Universal Syllabus

Your incarnation is an independent study to demonstrate the praxis of your embodied evolution.

When you agree with an ideology, you have chosen communion with a perceptual framework that can either prohibit clarity or dissolve entropy.

Along the course of your edifying electives during this life, your vessel bears an engine that is susceptible to being fueled by shame, competition, and sociopathy.

However, the propulsion from non-generative emotional states will not enable an expansive odyssey.

Unequivocally, soul energy is renewable. Make this voyage victorious.

Dandy Companion

My deepest desire is to giggle in the fire,
to be intoxicated by the burn,
and sip desire when my mind is stern.

I don't know if this incendiary bottle is a
1941, or a 1951 Capricorn, but my sobriety
would happily go on recess for access.

My womb is undergoing carnal whiplash,
for such a lioness, I'd be her catnip.

Sprouted Faith

If I roll up on you and ask that you
unplug your AirPods to inquire if you
appreciate poetry, please understand
that I ain't no pamphleteer.

I'm a quantum engineer.

I'm dropping seeds at embodied
coordinates. Imma let time weave the
threads of frequency into a chorus.

Bloodline Transmission

All the survivors of conquest
and the descendants of the savages
who sought their annihilation
are under the same flag.

Remember your station.

Forge by Will

The first territory of war we must conquer
is dismantling cognitive dissonance:

- a.** Resistance is fertile.
- b.** Rape is an act of soul murder.
- c.** Our imagination is ammunition.

Inebriated Womb: 09

As I attempted to hasten my recovery from a miscarried energetic interaction, I reflected on social disintegration and relational dysfunction that has become a pandemic manufactured by the non-synchronized technological engulfment of modern-day society, when I felt someone hovering behind me.

While seated on a rock, I turned to look over my shoulder, and I saw a Persian Goddess—a platter of sautéed prose covered in cream linen and wool.

I immediately forgot the itch of melancholy and became subdued by her towering noblesse.

Timelines must be hemming the tear because the taste of her aura stitched my yearning.

Recovered Dream

Transcripts: 01

It must have been after sunset when this woman was cooking us some eggs, but in the oven. I think she was doing something clever. Quiche, I don't know, but I felt curious with anticipation.

As she was doing some stuff with the food on the counter, she said out loud: "All that blood and nowhere to go." I knew she was talking about being horny. But when she said it, she didn't make eye contact because she was focused on cooking. As I looked at her, I noticed she had the most luxurious salt-and-pepper curly hair style. It was giving Queen Undercover. She was wearing a fitted floral dress, whilst bearing a generously endowed bosom.

It was in that moment in the dream that I felt like Scooby Doo.

Mature women flirt differently. If she sends subliminal on this side of the veil, I'll give her back support as she finishes prepping the

meal. She'd be the dessert. I prefer honey before my vegetables.

Inebriated Womb: 08

As I seek hormonal regulation by ingesting Maca Root and Cacao during perimenopause, if I accidentally assault a tree stump, it wasn't premeditated. The tree rings asked me to twerk for the ancestors.

Maybe my womb is on some ET frequency because the earth feels erogenous, as did the bag of arugula I ate on my walk.

My tongue couldn't get enough.

And not to be crass, but when lesbians be acting like they have a distinct type, what I don't understand is, whether it's strawberry shortcake, apple pie, or peach cobbler, they all got fruit.

All I want is fruit, bitch!
And it better have seeds!
That's it, that's all!

Perhaps I am underestimating the impact of my intrinsic androgyny that differentiates me from the highly selective palate of other lesbians.

Or maybe I'm a true philogynist, and for that reason, I favor sweet, tart, and savory, as long as it's nutritious, right?

¿Qué pasa?

